

ANDERSON'S  
INCORPORATED

FRESH FROM CHICAGO

ANDERSON'S  
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## Mid-Summer Hats on Display, Friday Morning, MAY, 5TH

JUST back from Chicago where we purchased the entire line of Fisk's Summer Hats and they are the most beautiful patterns that have been shown this season. All white and light colors, both tailored and dressy models. We place these on sale Friday morning and give you the advantage of our great saving in price.

10th and Main Sts.

**Anderson's**  
"SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY BACK"

Friday Morning, May, 5th.

## BIBLES FOR WAR PRISONERS

Great Britain Sends Tons of Testaments, Gospels, Etc., to Practically Every Center.

Eleven tons of Testaments, gospels, portions and copies of the Psalms have just been dispatched from Great Britain by the British and Foreign Bible society for the prisoners of war in Russia.

"There were 54 cases, containing over 260,000 volumes," the secretary of the society told a London Daily Chronicle representative, "and the cost of printing them alone was well over £1,000. The volumes are printed in Polish, German, Hungarian and Bohemian. He had no stocks of such works in this country, so we had to make zinc photographs of 15 editions which we had and print them from those reproductions. The cases will travel free over the Swedish state railways."

Already similar Testaments and Gospel portions, printed in English, Russian, French and Armenian, have been distributed among the prisoners of the central powers, to the number of well over 400,000, and fresh supplies are still being sent.

"In addition to this," added the secretary, "over 2,000,000 volumes have been distributed, the greater part free, among the wounded in all the hospitals at home and abroad, and among the troops at all points. They have gone to practically every center, to the western front, to Gallipoli, Malta, Egypt, Cyprus and the Persian gulf."

Well! Well!

Mrs. Joax—"I nearly fainted on the crowded street car coming home." Mr. Joax—"So close in the car?" Mrs. Joax—"No; a man offered me his seat."

## DEMORALIZING TRAFFIC.

"A man is not always to blame for being a jaywalker."  
"I don't see what excuse he can offer."

"I might suggest a nifty pair of white kid boots with fur around the tops."

## BOTH ELEMENTS.

Bill—Ever see him roll a cigarette?  
Jill—No.  
"Well, he does it like lightning."  
"Well, I know they smell like thunder."

## TOO SHARP FOR HIM.

"Why did you refuse when Brown suggested burying the hatchet?"  
"Because I believe the cuss had an ax to grind."

## GETTING BUSY.

"I'd like to know when you worship me, as you say."  
"I suppose, dear, it is in my idol moments."

## EXCEPTION NOTED.

"It is wicked to pay anybody hush money."  
"Even when a man gives his poker winnings to his wife?"

## SAFETY-FIRST MOVEMENT.

"He was on fire with love when he called on her."  
"Well, what happened?"  
"Her father put him out."

## Wise Widow.

"Blank married a rich widow, but they don't get along very well."  
"What's the trouble, her disposition?"  
"Yes, her disposition to handle all her money herself."—Boston Evening Transcript.

## DAME RUMOR LAYS KINGS LOW IMMORTALIZING A KING'S NOSE

But Monarchs Have Contracted the Habit of Rising From Reported Deathbeds.

We do not know whether cowards die many times before their deaths, but kings certainly do, remarks the London Times. Rumor is always busy with these—interring and disinterring them. The emperor of Austria has died or been near death twice since August, 1914, and the kaiser has just recovered from the second deathbed dressed for him by rumor since the war began. Mme. Bernhardt died once, just before appearing triumphantly in London, and minor persons such as generals and princes have fallen right and left under the darts of flying fame. All of them have recovered. But rumor is still aiming her paper arrows at some of them.

When she tires of doing this, however, the capricious lady makes for Berlin, and, returning (ostensibly) through Geneva, with a copy of the Vorwaerts in her hands, she announces riots and threats against those same kings and kaisers, she is always trying to kill. Great crowds and leagues of Germans have been planning revolutions—"an unconfirmed report from Zurich." It seems to be supported by the Geneva correspondent of a Paris paper which says that, just before dying, the kaiser struck his generals in their faces, declaring that they had betrayed him. Something from The Hague made this more precise by recognizable quotations of the war lord's utterance in husky German. Then suddenly an official telegram revealed the war lord once more at the front, killing instead of being killed. In fact, another rumor!

What the Cartoonists Have Done to the Proboscis of Ferdinand of Bulgaria.

If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, as Pascal, the French philosopher, has said, the whole face of the earth would have been changed. "But," adds a writer in Cartoons, "that an inch or two, or even three, in the matter of the king of Bulgaria's nose is all the same to the cartoonist will be evident from a survey of the great gallery of caricatures which this monarch has inspired."

"The cartoonists have done nothing—except immortalize King Ferdinand's nose. There have been famous noses in history. Cyrano de Bergerac was blessed with one. Ferdinand's nose, however, threatens to go thundering down the halls of time. His nose for centuries to come will be held up as a model for young men. It will be accepted as a standard—as something that a nose should be. It may even become classic, like Col. T. R.'s teeth, or the kaiser's mustache."

"Many cooks have been required to make this broth, but they haven't spoiled it. They have taken Ferdinand's nose and developed its possibilities. To them it has assumed the proportions of a bridge, or even of a 42-centimeter muzzle. They have caricatured Bulgaria's monarch as a goose, an elephant, a dog, a bird of prey. Perhaps the greatest exaggerator is 'Rata Langa' of L'Asino, Rome."

## WE CAN CLEAN 'EM ALL.

European Tourist—I tell you one thing. America is far behind Europe in watering places.

Yankee—So?  
European Tourist—It is! Take England: She has her Bath; France has her Aix les Bains; Germany has her Baden Baden. What's the United States got?  
Yankee—Saturday night!—Stanford Chaparral.

## A BAD POLICY.

"I see where a candidate says he is going to keep running for a certain office until he gets it."  
"He's making a great mistake."  
"How so?"  
"You can pester a man until he pays back borrowed money, but you can't make him vote for you that way."

## NO SUCH ASPERSION.

"Isn't there a great deal of esprit de corps in that organization?"  
"Not a bit of it. Every man Jack in it is on the water wagon."

## A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

Lady of the House—Why did you leave your last place?  
Belligerent Cook—Why did your last girl leave here?

## Responsive.

"I verily believe that inanimate things sometimes enter into the spirit of a festive occasion." "I know it. Last night, when I was going to a blowout my automobile chimed in with a couple of its own."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The geographical origin of wheat is a mystery, lost in the dim past.

## SUPPLEMENTARY PROCEEDING



"Why are you angry with your husband?"  
"He's just as mean as could be. Although he knew he was going into bankruptcy, he never told me beforehand, so I could have ordered a whole lot of things."

## MORE SARCASM.

"You say the car was going fifty miles an hour when it turned over?"  
"Yes. I can't imagine what caused the accident."  
"Then you are unlike most speed maniacs."  
"What do you mean?"  
"Haven't you imagination enough to blame the car, the road, the landscape, the weather, or, in fact, anything but yourself?"

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## CAN'T FIND HERMIT'S HEIRS

Eccentric English Landowner Died, Leaving Large Fortune and No Will.

Romance surrounds the search now being made for the heir of a Swadlincote man named John William Wilson, who died intestate two years ago, leaving a big fortune, the London Chronicle states.

Wilson was the last member of a family which settled at Swadlincote when it was a small village, whereas now it is an important pottery and mining center.

From his mother, who died many years ago, he inherited a large amount of land, including the main street of what is now the town of Swadlincote.

With the growth of the town this land became of great value, and as shops, banks and houses sprang up, Mr. Wilson sold sites at large figures and amassed a fortune.

He retained a large tract of ground in the center of the town, which for many years has been let to showmen and others, who visit the town in great numbers.

Despite his wealth and the large and intricate business dealings which it entailed, Wilson could neither read nor write; and with an equally eccentric brother and sister, he lived in a two-roomed cottage, lighted at night by only a candle. The three lived an almost hermitlike existence. Except for a tramcar ride to Burton-on-Trent, they seldom went outside the house.

## The Old Lady Again.

Mrs. Kowler—"Well, after courting awhile young folks will get married, you know." Mrs. Blunderby—"True, Cupid, the god of love, must give way to Hypheon, the god of matrimony."

More than 300 kinds of fish have voices audible to human ears.

## Clearance Sale

OF  
SUIT HATS  
AND DRESSY SPRING MODELS  
to make room for Summer Hats

I have 15 Hats ranging from \$10 to \$18  
that go on sale for the next ten days at  
\$3.50, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$8.00

COME EARLY  
These Are Choice Hats and Go on Sale  
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